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CALVERT REVIEW
FALL 1969

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CALVERT REVIEW
FALL, 1969

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This Year the Street Has Re-Created Face. We Are Familiar Now.

My sight finer, walk slowed,
still, I cannot catch all of them,
red and yellow with a brittle smell.
I long to pick the berries.
Ripe, they strike the lazy spiraled leaf.
I long to be the bush, but
to be familiar is to leave them,
growing fuller, as the air
that inhales heavily for snow.
I too am ripe cello-swell.
Caught in your full colour, the will
is in this place, this entered world.
Our roof is red, our rooms warm.
Watching autumn go its way,
I rise in pleasure. I anticipate
the drift of winter. My mind
catches there, frozen from the spring.
Here, in the web of a limb,
the bark catches my skin.

Carol Sharlip

Getting Up, Tropisms

a slight south wind
and then north. at dawn
the lone weathercock
sticks up
making habitual circular gestures
like an old man
remembering
and then forgetting
or remembering a direction
altogether different.

startled, you looked up
said, it is late enough
we must learn
to go alone

our apartment is linked
with other units
in long chains
like chains of DNA molecules
blown up
and bricked.
behind the gas station
green tropisms are simmering
up
a profit curve on a graph of air,

a flood
rising, bursting
perfectly.

in the bathroom
tiny new roaches
are
crawling on all fours
up
the four walls
and down
practicing practicing

Joel Arsenault

Redneck Ball: Observations

We stepped so light the candle chandeliers
Began to dim, and moondog men with drinks
In hand and hands on all their wenches' minks
Observe the band, and grin, and scratch their ears.
The women, diamond-studded teeth, their gowns
Of velvet chitlin, speaking pearls of charm
And social gems, and wisdom from the farm;
Assured by Sherman's March, they make the rounds.
The pride of Rebel stock, the gentry belles
With honey-lipped plantation dreams, who make
The old men rise again, and speak with drawls.
The candles dimmed, a booze and weevil spell,
As Colonel ghosts watch niggers pour and shake
Their drinks, and serve them at the Redneck Ball.

Henry Gasque, Jr.

Wulf

(from the Anglo-Saxon)

Like getting a gift this greets my people.
If he comes with might they want to meet him:
Unalike are we.

Wulf is on an Island; and I on another.
Tightly is his isle all trapped in the fens.
Bold Bloodthirsty ones bide thereon.
If he comes with might they want to meet him:
Unalike are we.

To go to Wulf, I waited in hope;
Then was rainy weather and I sat weeping . . .
Till a bow-quick man came to embrace me.
That was great joy and great woe, too.

O Wulf, my Wulf, your worker of hurt
Must now envision your visit too rare.
With knowing heart I have no joy.
Must you hate Eadwacer? Our hateful issue
The wolf bears to the wood.

What is destroyed with ease never could be strong.
Thus, our tale together.

Patrick W. Conner

Children of a Season of Salt

I

SALT LAKE CITY

We were born in a city
descended from desert
stolen from salt.
The land that broke the plowshares
of those whose vision dictated:
THE DESERT SHALL BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE.
They bent their backs to hoes,
named their river Jordan
and only a sense of becoming
saved them from calling
that shrunken salt ocean
The Dead Sea.
So they irrigated the earth
with water and prayer,
planted the crops for the crickets,
and surviving that plague:
the valley blossomed
into ten acre blocks
set with four square reason
against the mountains' rhyme.
And the City
with its senses full of time
endures . . .

II

GREAT SALT LAKE

The lake, whose surface will hold no image,
with no sense of season,
endures better.

Each winter with no ice forming,
each spring with no renewing,
every summer of necessary salt.
Each autumn
the sea gulls rise
from the flats
to search for the crickets
who have been a hundred years returning.
The brine shrimp
go about their small business
aeons on end
waiting for the oceans' return.

III

WALKING WEST

I will walk West from Salt Lake City
to the flats, gulls and incipient sea
for I am no longer
wind and water
but body and bone
standing alone in a naked sun,
casting a shadow
I cannot see for the light.
And with no knowing
what must be known
I would regain
my sand and stone,
rejoin the bleached coyote bones
and being lonely for all white reasons,
wait out this birth
of a season of salt.

Julia Douglass

Toccata II

Come softly (midnight) softly
Near to linger over lamplight
Now to embrace, becoming one

In song of flamebright motion
Touch of tongue on tongue
In winding flight, fugue of deep midnight

Low as the cello's voice, drawn slowly,
Song of midnight, heavy in the lamplight glance,
Dance of shadow, dance of gentleness, sleepdance

Of merging, flute and cello
Voices in the lamplight shadow,
Flight of flames, the brightflare leap

To darkness, (echo) songlight
Touch softly, in the midnight, (echo)
Softly, lingering.

Robert S. Zelenka

Rain

Peggy Zelenka

The two girls went into Joyce's house by the back door. Joyce had her own key because her mother was a teacher and didn't get home until 4:30.

"I have to leave at five," Lorrie said, "because my father gets mad if I'm not home by dark." She put her books on a kitchen chair and hung her corduroy jacket across the back.

"O.K.," said Joyce. "We still have time to get the heads shaped. Want some milk and cookies?"

"No, thanks. It'll spoil my appetite for supper."

"How about some tea? That won't make you full. It's just water."

Tea. No coffee or tea until you are twenty. Stunts your growth and curls your hair. Not really, of course. People are born with their own kind of hair. And if mother wants to know did I have anything to eat at Joyce's, I can say only water, since that's all it is, just flavored water.

"All right," Lorrie said, but Joyce had guessed what her answer would be, and had already crawled up on the kitchen counter to reach the can of tea leaves in the cabinet.

"Here, smell," she said, jumping down to the floor and holding out the can to Lorrie. Lorrie pried the lid off the can with her fingers and sniffed the tea inside.

"Good smelling tea," she said. "Spicy. What are those little white things?"

"Orange rind, I think," Joyce answered. "Or maybe nutmeg. You know what whole nutmeg looks like?"

"No, I've only seen the ground up kind, but it's not white. That must be orange rind. You can make tea from almost anything, I guess," Lorrie said, examining the leaves with her fingers while Joyce put a kettle of water on the stove. "Orange peels, cinnamon, some people use dried rose petals. Makes different colors of tea, depending on what color roses you use. And sassafras! My grandfather used to go walking in the woods and dig up whole sassafras plants and bring home the roots for tea."

"But it's not good to dig things up by the roots," Joyce said, "because then they never grown again."

"Well, when my grandfather did it there was lots of sassafras growing. And he didn't have to dig up much because just one bunch of roots lasts a long time."

The kettle started to whistle.

"I still think it would have been better to plant it in the garden than to tear up the woods," Joyce insisted.

Lorrie thought Joyce was probably right about that, so she was quiet, thinking, while Joyce poured the boiling water over the tea leaves, and the spicy smell came up from the pot, hot and wet.

Then she said, "Can you imagine living in the jungle where all these spices grow, and when it rains the ground smells just like this?"

Joyce laughed. "That's silly."

"No it isn't. When it rains here, the ground smells like sycamore and oak leaves. Well, if we had nutmeg and orange trees, it would smell just like that tea. And then I wouldn't mind the rain."

"Me either," said Joyce. She carried the teapot and some cups to the table. "Let's get started now. I'll make some flour paste, you tear some newspaper strips. And cover the table with newspaper, too. There's a whole stack of old newspaper on the bottom shelf of that cabinet."

Lorrie found the newspapers and laid them out on the table. Then she started making a mound of newspaper strips beside her teacup. "It only tears one way. It won't tear crosswise because of the grain. I looked at a piece of newspaper under my microscope. Hey, I'll have to look at some tea. Could I have one of those little white pieces to look at?"

"If you want to. How about one of these in the pot?" Look how much it swelled up." Joyce picked the piece of rind from the pot with her spoon and folded it up in a paper napkin. "If it's interesting can I come over to your house and look at it?"

Lorrie shrugged her shoulders and stuffed the paper napkin package into the pocket of her jacket. "Yeah, I guess you can. Hey, what's keeping that flour paste, anyway?"

"Coming right up" Joyce answered. "Chicken a la king!"

"Ugh. You forgot the chicken."

They laughed together.

"I forgot the masking tape, too, and the toilet paper tubes," Joyce said. "I'll get them."

"Hurry up," Lorrie called after her. "We're not going to have time to do anything."

Joyce ran off to get the rest of the supplies. "Just how long do you think it takes to make a puppet," she said as she came back into the room. "Look –" She clamped a wad of newspaper over one of the empty cardboard tubes and wrapped masking tape around it. "It's Captain Roosteroo!"

They sat together, twisting paper ears and noses, packing on layers of paper strips coated with flour paste, happy; the room darkened.

"Hey, what time is it, anyway?" said Lorrie, alarmed.

"Only 4:30."

"I'd better go. It's going to rain. Come on, I'll help you clean up."

"No, I want to do some more," Joyce said. "Just leave it. I can clean it up myself."

Lorrie started to put on her jacket. "I think it's already started. Look out the window, Joyce. Has it already started?"

"Not yet. But you can see it coming down the street. Here it comes."

In a few seconds the rain was so heavy, Lorrie could barely see the houses across the street. She stood at the window, pressing her face against the cold glass.

"Oh, no . . . how am I going to get home now?" Lorrie watched the rain silently a few seconds. "My father's going to be mad."

"What do you mean?" Joyce asked. "It's not your fault if it's raining."

"I know. But I bet he's going to be mad." She stood glumly staring out the window toward her house. A blue car pulled into the driveway. "Here's your mother," she said to Joyce, without turning her head.

Joyce ran to open the door.

"Oh, my! My feet are soaked!" Mrs. Emmett was panting and stomping her feet. "Here Joyce, put my umbrella in the bathroom, will you? Oh, hi, Lorrie. What have you girls been doing?"

"Making puppets." Lorrie answered, not moving from the window. "And now I can't get home."

"Well, I'm sure we can work something out." She stepped out of her wet shoes and began to dry her feet with a paper towel. "You can even stay overnight if you want."

"My parents won't allow me on school nights," Lorrie said. "Maybe I'd better call my mother."

"Go right ahead. You know where the phone is?"

"Yes Ma'am." Lorrie walked down the hall. It was really getting very dark. She could barely see the dial of the phone. She counted the clicks as the dial went around. Ring. Quiet. Breathe. Ring. Quiet. Breathe. Ring. Quiet/"Hello?"

"Hello, Mother?"

"Lorrie, you should be home."

"But it's raining, and I can't leave now."

"You should have left earlier. You know Daddy will be mad."

"What should I do?"

"Well, I guess there's nothing you can do now, except wait for it to stop."

"What if it doesn't stop?"

"Can't Mrs. Emmett bring you home? She has a car."

"I don't know. I'll ask."

Lorrie walked back to the kitchen. "Mrs. Emmett, my mother wants to know if you could take me home."

"I can later, but I have to get dinner on now. There's a P.T.A. meeting at 7:30. Why don't you stay for dinner, and I'll take you home on my way to the school. Tell your mother about 7:00."

Back down the hall. "She's busy now, Mother, but she could bring me about seven."

"What about dinner?"

"She says I could eat here."

"You know I like to have the family together for dinner."

"Well . . ." Quiet. "Could Daddy come after me when he gets home from work?" Quiet. Breathe.

"Well, I guess so. He won't be home for another half hour."

"Would you ask him?" Quiet. Breathe.

"Yes, I'll ask him. What's Joyce's address?"

"Just a minute, I'll ask."

Back down the hall to the kitchen. Joyce looked up from the puppet she was working on. "So what did your mother say?"

"She wants me to come home for supper, but she says my father can come after me. What's the address here?"

"3345 Mimosa," Joyce answered.

D o w n - t h e - h a l l - f o r t y - f i v e , t h i r t y t h r e e - f o r t y f i v e, thirty-three-forty-five . . . "Mother? It's 3345 Mimosa."

"O.K. He'll be there to get you, then."

"O.K. Goodbye, Mother."

"Goodbye, Honey."

Lorrie hung up the receiver. The handle was all sweaty, so she wiped it with the hem of her skirt. Would have been nice to have dinner with Joyce. Back in the kitchen something was frying.

"Hey, it smells good in here. What are you cooking, anyway?"

"Onions. Do you like spaghetti?" Mrs. Emmett's voice was friendly.

"Oh, sure," Lorrie said.

"You know," said Mrs. Emmett, it would have been all right for you to stay for dinner. Why wouldn't your mother let you?"

"Oh, they don't like for me to be out after dark."

"It's not like they don't know where you are," Joyce said in an exasperated tone of voice that made Lorrie think her answer had been unacceptable. She felt trapped.

"I know." Lorrie said. "It's just that Mother likes to have the family together for dinner." She was afraid they wouldn't accept that for an answer either, but Mrs. Emmett's voice was kind when she spoke.

"All right. Just so you know you are really welcome here. Now why don't you both work on your puppets some more before it's time to clear the table for dinner?"

"Oh, I'm not really in the mood any more," Lorrie answered. "How about you, Joyce?"

"Not if you don't want to. Let's just put them away." Joyce washed the flour paste down the drain while Lorrie threw out the sticky newspapers, and they stood the two puppet heads on the drainboard to dry.

"I can't wait to start painting them," said Joyce.

"Yeah," said Lorrie, "and to start writing plays for them to do. I've been thinking about one." The two girls walked together into the livingroom and sat down on a deep-piled orange and red rug that Lorrie loved. "It's about these two children who are on a plane that crashes in the jungle. And their parents and all the rest of the people are killed. And they have to learn how to live there, all alone. First they go through the remains of the plane, but everything is all charred. They pick up a few pieces of metal to use as tools and weapons, but other than that, nothing."

"How come you always make up stories about orphans?" Joyce interrupted.

"I don't know," Lorrie answered. "It just seems more interesting that way." She rolled over on the rug. "This rug is like a tiger skin. That's something the children have to learn in the jungle. How to kill tigers and make clothes from their skins."

Joyce stretched out on her back beside Lorrie. "What do they sew with?"

"They make needles out of splintered bones. And thread from dried sinews," Lorrie replied.

"What are sinews?" Joyce asked.

"That's what the Indians made thread from. They're part of the guts."

"Oh, you don't know what you're talking about," Joyce teased. "Come on, let's play the piano." She jumped up.

"I don't know how," said Lorrie.

"I can teach you," Joyce said, as they both sat down on the piano bench. "First, you should learn 'Chopsticks'. You start with your two fingers on these two keys, and then you move them apart one key at a time like this." Joyce started to play. "I'll do it slowly up here, and you do the same in the bass."

Lorrie followed along hesitantly as her fingers learned the pattern. Gradually they increased the pace. 1-2-3-4-5-6, 1-2-3-4-5-6, bend-over-pick-up-sticks, 1-2-3-4-down-6, again-3-4/HONK.

"My father! It's my father!" Lorrie ran to the door and shouted out, "I have to get my coat."

It was very dark now and still raining heavily. She shut the door and ran to the kitchen for her books and her jacket.

"Bye, Mrs. Emmett, my father's here." Lorrie put on her jacket and ran to the front door. "Bye, Joyce." She tucked her books under her jacket to protect them from the rain and opened the door.

"Hey! He's gone!" Lorrie turned around bewildered. "He left me."

"How come?" asked Joyce.

"I don't know. He just left." They stared at each other not knowing what to do. "I'll call my mother," Lorrie said.

She went to the telephone again and dialed the numbers in the dark. Maybe he thought he was at the wrong house. Why did he leave me? "Mother? Daddy left without me."

The light went on in the hall. Mr. Emmett was home from work . . . He walked down the hall to the bathroom and smiled at Lorrie as he passed. When he came out Lorrie had just hung up the receiver.

"Hi, Lorrie," he said. "Why do you have your jacket on in the house?"

"I was going home, but my father left without me," Lorrie said.

"That's strange," Mr. Emmett said. "Why don't you watch for him at the window. Maybe he'll come back."

They walked to the livingroom together and Lorrie went to the window. She pressed her face close against the glass, staring out into the blank darkness. Joyce came and stood with her. There was silence for a few minutes, then the phone rang.

Mr. Emmett answered it. "It's your mother, Lorrie."

Lorrie went to the phone, still feeling the press of the cold glass on her forehead. "Mother? . . . He is? . . . What did he say? . . . Oh . . . O.K. . . . Goodbye."

Joyce was watching from the doorway. She was quiet.

"My father says I should get home the best way I can," Lorrie told her.

"What will you do?" Joyce asked.

"I guess I'll have to walk," said Lorrie.

"You can't walk, it's dark, and it's still raining," Joyce protested. "Dad," she called, "can't you take Lorrie home?"

Mr. Emmett's face looked sad. "You're stuck, huh?" he said. "Sure, I can take you home. Come on."

It was dark in the car and silent except for the windshield wipers. Lorrie distracted herself with the sound they made. I-think-I-will-I-think-I-won't-lie-down-stand-up-

I-think-I-will-I-think-I-won't. The tears were making a hard lump in her throat. A few ran down her cheeks, but she caught them with her tongue. They were gone. He couldn't see

"It's next to the corner in the next block. That one," she said. There was just the noise of the tires on the wet pavement, and the rain, and the windshield wipers. "Thank you, Mr. Emmett."

She opened the car door for herself, and ran to the house. She stood on the front steps, pounding at the door, tears and rain running down her face. Her mother unlocked the door.

"Well, I didn't get much help with dinner tonight."

Lorrie pushed past her into the livingroom where her father was reading the newspaper. "Oh, Daddy, why did you leave me?" she cried.

"Shut up your crying, Delores."

"I was coming. I had to get my coat."

"How did I know what you were doing? All I saw was a door open and shut."

"You could have waited a minute."

"God damn it, Delores, I'm your father. If you want to ride with me, you've got to be waiting."

She finished crying in the bathroom, and when she came out no one said anything more about it. That weekend when her mother did the laundry, she threw out the paper napkin she found in the pocket of Lorrie's jacket.

In Maryland

In Maryland
the green rejoices violently
in every unplanned wood,
on any drive the road-side grass
leaps lion like,
and even summer storms
rage chartreuse against the sky.
All the green, grown jungle,
assaults my desert eye:
I battle emerald,
kelly, sea, and pea,
and hurt for home
where green is grown on purpose,
for the gentle stretch of sage
that leaves the sky an open blue
and the sun free to fire itself
quietly to glory in the evening.

Julia Douglass

Point Lookout

Point Lookout drops behind us
tucked in its caul of fog.
Lighthouse. Ancestral guide.
battened to rock like a rusting coffee can.

How long!
How long we have drifted
under this purple belljar of dawn.
Nothing sounding, save
the strike and bang of the spar piece
flown loose.
Our matchstick flares flicker
over the somber water.

The moon slides away like a rusted pie plate.
We drift forever out
Crammed in an iron bucket
the bait minnows
float in circles.
A single marlin
hangs upside down
in its own
Falstaffian death pose.

We drift
drift
the champions of lost dominions
and crowd into the cabin
calked and tight
as one of those rubber rooms
they keep the mad in.

For we are the ones
done up
trapped under the purple dawn.

And ice begins to stick
with the acuteness of knives.

Joel Arsenault

The Ruin

a translation from the Anglo-Saxon

Wallstone remains, wondrous, broken, alien;
The city fell, the work of giants crumbled.

Roofs are caved in, the towers are in ruin,
The gates are torn open. Ice crusts the mortar.
Stormfences are cut down, scored, etched and eaten,
Undermined by age.
The earth holds in its grasp
Wielder and maker. Weary, worn out, they died,
All stength gone. Now a hundred generations
Of men have passed and vanished.
Once this wall stood
Streaked red and grey, while kingdom after kingdom
Withstood endless storms. At last the high arch fell.

There remain . . . rubble . . . heaps of stone . . . shards . . . fragments.

Even the earthrind sank. A man of cunning,
Skilled in metals, bound the wall in wire rings,
Wove stone and wire splendidly together.

Fortresses were bright; there were many houses,
High gabled, filled with the sound of warriors.
There were many meadhalls, filled with human joys,
Until wyrd brought change:
This was a time of plague,
When death took all men; even the strongest fell.
Ramparts became desolate, foundations waste.
The high citadel crumbled.

One after one,
Those who would rebuild fell lifeless to the ground.
Therefore these courtyards are grim places. Roof tiles,
Red and curved, lie scattered about; the crossbeam
Is shattered. Destruction fills this world.
Once men
Were glad in heart and bright with gold. In splendor,
Proud, and flushed with wine, their armor gleaming, they
Looked on the treasures gathered here: on silver,
On art-wrought gems, on riches, on precious stones,
And on this city, the seat of wide empire.
Stone buildings stood. Water flowed in hot from wells,
Steaming from the depths; there were bath houses, hearths
Kept warm in winter. A strong wall enclosed all
In safety. That was a proper place for men.

Robert S. Zelenka

The Coney Island Ice Cream Vendors

the Coney Island ice cream vendors
have retreated
dragging their rusted trucks into the dusk.
a procession of trolls filing along the horizon.
the sea birds
stick up
black and spare
flapping motions fastened to their posts
like pin wheels spinning in the wind.
blank, boarded
the cottages are lined up
like a series
of empty cereal boxes tacked down.
even the seaweed gathering machines
have rusted
old monsters bombed out
captured in a ribaldry of death
their iron sides clanging
slowly in the wind.
all our animations have posed
stuck.
we drag into winter
hinged

Joel Arsenault

Satori

Melvin Raff

"Sometimes they just wave you through. Don't even ask for identification or anything." A soft light shone on Jeff's face from the kitchen of the small apartment. He spoke over the somber music in a happy, reassuring tone. That was when I first really thought it was possible. I didn't want to go, but I had to think of something. I had a few weeks before I had to decide for sure, and I figured I'd just let it sort of lay around inside my head for a while and see if it would ripen . . .

I drove slowly through the dark around the intricate, twisting curves of the mountain. There were occasional lights scattered throughout the dark hills that barely showed, silhouetted against the starry sky. Headlights came suddenly around the curve in front of me and I could hear tires squealing. I swerved to the right as far as I could without falling off the edge of the road and the oncoming car lurched suddenly away from my side back toward its own. I had already slowed, and when I heard the harsh scraping sound of the other car hitting against the rocky wall of the mountain, I stopped. I turned in my seat to see the car spin around. Its headlights lit up the whole interior of my car as they spun by, then again a second time, and I saw the car pause at the edge of the road, delicately balanced on the rim. I held my breath. The car eased very slowly forward like a balanced seesaw, then plunged slowly but forcefully over the edge. I sat with every muscle tensed and heard trees fall with crashes and crunches as the treetops lit up in wild flickers, and it was suddenly quiet and very dark.

I didn't think to turn the engine off or anything. I was out of the car and at the edge as fast as I could move. I only looked for a second before I ran down the steep slope in long bounds, jarring my head each time a foot met the ground. At first I couldn't tell which way the car pointed or which end was up, it was so dark and the car was so bent and tangled in the trees. After a few seconds though, I saw that it was on its side with the bottom facing up the hill toward me and one headlight still on, but out of its socket and pointing down, dangling by its wires.

I climbed on top of the wreck and tried to see in, but it was too dark. I managed to get the driver's door open and I felt around in the dark until I grabbed an arm somewhere

near the floor. I pulled and could feel the limbs hanging limp from the body as it came out. I dragged it out away from the wreck and looked. It was still dark, but by now I could see a little, and the headlight helped a lot. It was a very young boy, maybe sixteen, and his face glittered in the night, like it was wet. There were several pieces of glass imbedded in the flesh of his face and his skin was pasty white around the gashes. His head was dangling from his body by a single slender piece of skin, like the headlight. And blood. There was blood everywhere. I stepped back from the corpse and saw, even in the dark, that I was soaked. There were dark spots all over my shirt and blotches on my pants and I could feel it drying on my arms already, up to my elbows and maybe a little higher. I stood in convulsions, shaking involuntarily and vomiting violently, for several minutes. I sat down on the hill and vomited again, between my legs, not even considering that there might be anyone still inside . . .

I stood next to John at the window. He had his arm around Mary, who wore a pink and white bathrobe and furry white slippers. Bill and Pam were right behind Mary. There were seven inside the window there, three on each side, slanted a little toward the center, and in the middle, at the rear, was Fletcher Alexander. He just lay there with his eyes closed, one hand near his face, and the other stretched out in front of him on top of the little blanket. Nobody really had anything important to say, and we mostly just looked. John and Mary didn't say too much, but they laughed easily, and they seemed warm to be near. I had known them a long time, but they were different now. They were parents.

The one right in front of me, the first one in the left row, was awake. He had a lot of dark hair and he moved around a lot. I watched him. His eyes opened just a crack and he froze. Then he stirred a little and his eyes opened a little wider. Then a little wider. His arms moved a little and he rolled his head around very slowly. His eyes suddenly closed. Then his arms began to move almost involuntarily, his face contorted, and his mouth squirmed. His eyes opened just a crack and he froze again. His eyes opened a little wider as he almost imperceptably shifted the position of his torso. Then a little wider and he relaxed his stiff arms a little. He stared out, straight ahead, with his eyes wide. His head moved again, very slowly, and just as suddenly as before, his eyes shut. Again his arms stiffened and he squirmed, contorting his face and allowing a drop of saliva to dribble out between his uncontrollably twisted lips and drool down his chin. He strained in frustration for a minute, and then suddenly relaxed as his eyes again opened a tiny, thin crack . . .

I stood in the kitchen and looked at the letter for a while. The envelope had no stamp on it. I dropped it into the wastebasket and carried the last suitcase out to the car. It was nice out. The leaves were turning, and I watched a few of them fall from the oak in the Hoffmans' yard before putting the suitcase in the trunk. The air was cold and clear and I took a deep breath. Then I got in, put the Toronto address that Jeff gave me into the glove compartment and started the engine . . .

Rain Strikes the Shingles

Rain strikes the shingles
a thousand hammers banging
these peeling Yankee gables.
A Cape Cod vacation turning sour.
We bump against the windows
like dime store turtles bumping
against their aquarium glass. Look
Our beach umbrella
a hermit stuck fast on the landscape.
Our amputated parlor piano
grounded silent as
a bees' nest wintering:
it once hummed and droned.
WBZ announces New England
battening down.
Sulking we pace and pace
silent blaming each other for
Hurricane Donna.
Such dull suspicious things
we are
like vigilant boxers each in his corner
anxious for the bell, the boom
one more collapse

Joel Arsenault

Snowden's Secret

Heat rages westward,
Spawning death in the wake of winter,
Infecting the mind in a final fever.

The present moment passes,
An exchange of motion in the water
Of the river, below an unmoving watcher.

Awaken to the sound
Of footsteps on the path through summer,
The familiar world

Without a center, without the sun
On the sudden day of summer, along the riverbank.
Even as the image fades, all movement ceases.

Too cold to capture even this, the trace
Of midnight on the unmarked face, the glance
Portending bright unconsciousness:

Light penetrates the eye
The present mystery of winter
Raging inward with the speed of fever,

Reflections of the moment clustering
About an emptiness, a cry,
A body nerveless, uncontrolled.

In the pain breaks an imagined dawn,
Out of season, in the presence of a cold,
Unreckoned mastery.

At the end of the familiar world,
Marking the abyss,
The eye sees nothing, having passed beyond

Perception, into the timeless noon
Of winter, of last consciousness,
An object reeling in the stillest air.

Robert S. Zelenka

Toccata III

(Netherdark) smoke of sleep of deep
Slumber low, echoes low, refrain of summer
Roofrain, flow of water, time

All night sounds (nightsounds) groundflow
Falling, rushfall of the rainstream
Down the midnight clouded gutter

From the high wood roof, watersweet with midnight
Rain, shadowpath patterns
Chiaroscuro rainrhythm into dream

Forming consciousness in the even now
Amorphous senses, phosphorous images
Of music, the sound of sleep

Of breath rising and falling in deep slumber
Our bodies together, distant,
Asleep in the rainfall, afterdarkness, nightfall.

Robert S. Zelenka

Impressions on the "Family of Saltimbanques"

as if they had been there forever
a family of circus clowns stand on the sands
    next to a vacant sea.
as if they were the last wave
and final birth,
the physical outcome
of a tradition of ghosts.
for the first time
a family of players
who possess skin paler
than gravestone,
as if each were a prayer
to be read
upon escape from the womb.

Michael Nordin

PROSE AWARD

Peggy Zelenka — **Rain**

POETRY AWARD

Joel Arsenault — **Getting Up, Tropisms**

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Michael Nordin — **Impressions on the "Family of Saltimbanques"**

Julia Douglass — **Children of a Season of Salt**